



Twister



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Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

Illinois

Wednesday, March 18, 1925

Lightning flashed through the black sky, as the wind whipped the trees. Rain poured, almost flooding the streets.

A man and a woman were in a bedroom. The woman was sleeping, curled up in the bed, but the man was wide awake, standing up and gazing out the window at the storm.

"Beautiful night, eh Charlotte?" the man asked softly to the woman. "One of the loveliest."

"Mhhhhh," the woman sleepily murmured and she shifted, so her back was to the man.

Suddenly, the man spotted something at the horizon that made his relaxed body tense.

"Charlotte, it's here," he said, his voice was full of worry and alarm. He hadn't expected this, not for a while. The once sleeping woman sat straight up in bed, all the sleep gone as she stared at the man in disbelief.

"Already?" the woman asked. "I didn't expect it to come so soon."

The man nodded, already ready to run. He was certain of the upcoming fate, but he was still afraid. "Get the children to safety!"

Quickly, the woman slid out of bed, ran out of the room, with the man at her heels. The woman

burst into the closest room, where a golden retriever dog was barking at the window loudly.

There were two children in the bedroom, the boy was huddled under his mother's warmth.

"Girls, it's here," the woman called out from the doorway. "Only four, only four."

The other girl rubbed her eyes. "What?" she asked. "What's wrong?" The boy looked out the window, her eyes widened.

"But Mama," the older girl started.

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"No time! Get to the cellar!" the woman ordered.

"But Sam-" the younger girl protested as the woman .

A tall boy around the age of twelve ran in, and scooped up the large dog in his arms.

"I've got Sam," the boy announced as he ran out of the room, the dog in his arms whimpering in fear.

"Mama's got you," the woman reassured the younger daughter as the woman rushed down the stairs with the boy behind her with two others.

"Where's Papa?" the youngest girl asked.

"In the cellar," the woman said.

All of them ran out into the night, rain drenching them almost instantly as they ran from the shelter of the house. The man was already in the cellar, and the woman tossed him the youngest girl gently, then the other girl. Next, the boys climbed in with the dog, and the woman finally entered.

"It's here!" the man called. He closed the door, and held it, using all his strength to keep it closed. The oldest daughter stroked the little girl's curly hair, while the little girl clutched a brown teddy bear to her chest. The woman looked worried, while the boys looked concerned.

"Hold on!" the man gritted his teeth as what they expected came.

The lights in the cellar rattled, and the little girl buried her face into the oldest daughter's wet nightgown. The dog barked, but the oldest boy hushed him. Without warning, the door flew off its hinges, carrying the man with it.

"Papa!" the girl cried out. She ran into the woman's arms, who stroked the little girl's thick curls.

Chapter 2 by Fanwizard



Kentucky

Friday, May 5th, 1933

"Lizzy! Get up!"

That's the first thing I hear every morning. My mama's calls wake all four of us up. Every morning, I take a shower, get dressed, help cook breakfast, and as soon as I'm done brushing my teeth, I head out the door with my books in my bookbag.

Every morning my sister Juliet walks with me with Abraham and George behind us until we reach her university.

Juliet has been like a second mother to me since Papa's death. Mama tries to hide it, but she's still mourning over the death. I can tell there is a sadness in her beautiful eyes.

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I have 3 brothers, but one of them is 20, attending college already and courting a woman named Marie. The other two act like the father that I can barely remember who died sacrificing his life to save his family.

The second oldest brother's name is Abraham, after my grandpa, and my other brother's name is George after my other grandpa who died even before I was born. The oldest brother, the one that saved Sam 6 years ago is named Martin.

Papa's death was only the beginning of the changes that took place for 8 long years. After the twister that hit us that stole Papa's life, we moved from Illinois to Kentucky, because we lost our house, and Grandma was willing to let us live with her until Mama could earn enough money to buy another one. That took about half a year, but I was so small that I could barely remember. After we bought a new house, we also had to buy a lot of new furniture, since our old ones were carried away by the twister to who knows where.

Life settled down just as we settled down. I became who I was today, Lizzy, a girl that loved to draw and write.

Until now.

Mama had bought me a new sketchbook with beautiful roses on the cover a few days ago. She didn't tell me why, but I admired it just fine.

She had also bought me a set of watercolors and a few new pens that worked perfectly when I used them.

I had started drawing, using a gray paint to create a memory that was faint and fuzzy, but grabbed me like talons on an eagle. It was cold, but I remember something warm and soft pressed against me. My white silk nightgown and my robe did little to warm me, drenched with rain. I remembered a gentle hand stroking my messy hair, and how Sam had barked right before Papa had been sucked away.

Mama looked up from her book and she glanced over my shoulder at my open sketchbook.

"What are you drawing Lizzy?" Mama asked as she set the sea blue bookmark inside the book she was reading.

"A memory," I carefully drew leaves in the wind using a nice shade of forest green that I admired.

Mama glanced at my drawing and her eyes widened. "Where did you get that?" Mama asked

clearly alarmed.

"Uh, it's a memory," I responded, looking up at my painting, trying to continue.

Mama picked up my sketchbook and I noticed her eyes were trying to be so stubborn?

Mama murmured,

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I remembered that Logan was Papa's name. I hadn't heard it in 5 years, and it made my heart ache.

She glanced back at me, and handed me the sketchbook. "It's beautiful Elizabeth, but-" Mama hesitated, glancing back at the picture I'd drawn.

"But what?" I asked as I picked up a grey pen to continue drawing the blurry memory. Why was Mama so scared?

"Nothing," Mama walked out of the room, leaving me alone wondering why Mama had acted so strange.

Kentucky

Sunday, May 7th, 1933

It was Sunday, so it meant we had to get dressed in our Sunday best, and head over to church. Mama made us take a shower, but thankfully, she didn't say how long the shower could last. So I stood in the shower for half an hour, feeling the hot water pour down on my wet hair, and scrubbing myself until I was as clean as I could possibly be. All while ignoring Mama's calls, reminding me that we still had to go to church and I couldn't stand in the shower forever. Mama took out my Sunday best dress, a silk blue dress with a white belt with a white shrug. Then she took out the white Mary Jane's that went along with it, and I dressed myself.

After my brothers had dressed in their suits and Juliet was dressed in her silk lavender dress, we headed for church. If you've ever been to church, you already know what it's like. I won't go through all those boring details, blah, blah, blah. After the service, we went home and did the typical Sunday things. However, Mama turned on the radio that Papa had bought her long before he died.

"This just in," the man on the radio said. "A twister is headed for Kentucky. It's supposed to arrive in a week, but be prepared."

Mama turned off the radio, her face as pale as Snow White from Grimm's' Fairy Tales, the book Juliet gave me for my fifth birthday.

"We need to buy supplies," Mama firmly said as her hair hid her face, her eyes closed in concentration.

"Why Mama?" George asked. "The twister won't hit us for another week! We have better things to do."

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Mama opened her pocketbook, and took out 5 \$50 dollar bills with the green expressionless face of Ulysses S. Grant. That was a lot of money Mama was carrying around, but we were lucky just to have money in our hand.

"We will all have 50 dollars to spend on supplies. Juliet, buy a few first aid kits. Abraham, buy 5 blankets, all warm and waterproof. Buy a few extra just in case. George, buy plenty of candles and matches for light. And Lizzy, buy plenty of food and water. We need plenty. I'll buy extra clothes in case the others get wet," Mama ordered. "No one knows how long the twister will last."

"Yes ma'am," we all said. When Mama wants something done, she REALLY wants it done. I slipped the 50 dollar bill into my pocket, and I was reminded of something faint. A twister that made Sam bark like crazy. As soon as we arrived at the store, all of us hopped out of the car, and searched for everything we needed. I drifted over to the food section and placed any food that I thought was reasonable and sensible into the shopping cart.

"5 loaves of fresh bread, canned fruits, and vegetables, meat, poultry, fish, eggs, milk, cream, yogurt and soft cheese, casseroles, stews, soups, creamy-based salad dressings, custard, chiffon, cheese pies, cream-filled pastries, and cookie dough," I muttered to myself. I spent all \$50, (and bought myself a stick of gum) and I saw that Juliet and Abraham were done, so I headed out the door.

"Have everything?" Juliet asked as she carried the first aid kits in a bag.

"Yep," I showed her the bag.

"Nice job Lizzy," Abraham said as he saw the purchases.

Abraham had gotten plenty of blankets, all warm and fuzzy.

"These should do," I rubbed the corner of one blanket against my cheek, feeling the warmth.

Mama came out with George, and I could see she had plenty of clothes in the large bags.

"Lizzy and Juliet, I bought you a few pair of jeans," Mama pulled out 6 pairs of jeans.

Juliet and I were shocked and surprised. Mama, had bought us jeans, when girls were expected to wear dresses and skirts, which I despised.

"I bought you a few sweater dresses, but if it gets too cold, wear these," Mama headed to the automobile.

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I didn't know how unprepared I was until it came.

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